

PARSONS AND POLITICS,

SAINTS AND SINNERS,

FROM

A SUPPLEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

TO

The Chebucto Flying Mercury,

OF APRIL 1, 1858.

CHEBUCTO :
PRINTED FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE,
BY JUDY ACORN, ESQ.,
BLONEDON SQUARE,
1858.

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SINNERS AND SINNERS

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The Spectator's History

OF APRIL 1 1858

CHICAGO

PRINTED FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE

BY JUDY MOORE, ESQ.

DISSEMINATED

1858

PARSONS AND POLITICS,

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

MORE DISCOVERIES!!!

Fraud, Fear and Forgery!

The Halifax Know Nothings in a
flatter

And the Dark Plotters knocked into the
middle of next week!

The "Protestant Alliance" that
libel on the Protestant name
used up!

Some holy Sleepers opening their eyes
and finding themselves in strange
company!

Military Chaplains buckling on their
armour and preparing
for war!!

The BIBLE turned into a sword
and the meek

Chaplain of the House of Assembly
Twining his fetters round the necks of
the Romanists!

Stoppage of the pay of the twelve
Catholic Members in both Houses,
according to the new Protestant
Programme
of the Chaplain!

Change of Daily Prayers in the
House of Assembly, and

All "Popish" Members
excluded from the new form in which
Peace, Brotherly Love and Charity are
omitted, and some Vials of Heavenly

Vinegar are poured
out with a good
mixture of fire and
brimstone!

William Young's Manifesto of last

March renewed, and
his dear friend the Rev'd.

Nimrod, successor in bigotry
to the notorious FORRESTER,
Convicted of forging peoples names
and privately circulating
through the country
Secret Documents, with
false names subscribed!!

Rev'd. Mr. Jardine and others
giving the lie to the Rev'd. John
Hunter and Master Anderson the
twin Secretaries
of the Plotters!

"Who is Who?" and "Which is
Which?" A Dialogue between James
Thomson, Barrister-at-Law and his
Namesake!

The real Jeremiah not yet identified,
and no one willing to answer to the
name of Jemmy Thomson!

Dissolving visions of
Reverend Dupes from the
Committee, and P. McGregor
whispering to T. Martin
that one scallow makes
no Summer!

All honest Protestants
Holding their sides,
And looking on with humorous faces
at the furious fluttering
of the Owls and Bats
Turned out from their Rookeries
in broad Daylight
before a laughing public!

Important Telegraphic Despatch
from Hong Kong!

Sir JOE HOWE!!!

The greatest Statesman
and Holiest Christian
in Nova Scotia,

Appoint at last Governor of the
Island of Perim,

In the Persian Gulf!!!

But whilst the Government Palace there
is building,

This wonderful Saint

just Canonized by

Mr. Pot Chambers,

Is engaged by such of
the Managing Committee
of the Sham "Holy Alliance"

As are now left,

To employ his talents,

Zeal, and powerful lungs

In the Conversion of "the
Heathen,"

Amongst the Shanties
on the New Line

Between Shubenacadie
and Truro!!!

RESTITUTION

of FIFTY Dollars

To the Postmaster General,

By Benjamin Wier,

for Circulars of the

"Alliance,"

Fraudulently Franked

Throughout the Province!!

Ditto, ditto,

of 415 Dollars

to the Provincial Treasury,

Being the Full Amount

of Mr. Hoynes' Bill

for "Refreshments

Joseph Howe and Friends," at the
Grand Opening of

(The Foundation of)

The Lunatic Asylum;

With 100 Dollars additional
from the Ex-Chairman of

The Board of Works,

Being the Balance of

Expenditure

on that Glorious Day,

When all present

Went Mad with Joy

At the Good Cheer

So Cheaply furnished

By the orders of Nobody!!!

Foreman of the Bogs,

Grades and Swamps,

Perched on a Bank of

Mud!

And his Father on a

Moveable Bank

of Five Pounds,

Preparing to Assist

The Foremost Man in

the Land

To trample out the

"Romanists"

From Nova Scotia

In Seven Days!

Great Consumption

Of Lane's Liniment,

"The Wonder of the Age,"

In rubbing down the

Lower Limbs

Of a Greater "Wonder," (Joe,)

To prepare him well

For the Trampling!

Presentation

of a Splendid Piece of Plate,

(Judas Pattern,)

to the late Attorney General,

By his admiring Constituents

In Inverness,

For his faithful Representation

of their opinions,

W

Wh

Into

And his warm praises of
their Religion
In every part of the County of
Cumberland.

Also.—A small Brass Cradle
in Hammered Work,
To preserve from decay
That little "Acorn"

Which Lawyer Thomson has planted,
(See the Counsellor's Letter in the
Chronicle.)

And under which
Our descendants are
To enjoy the Shade of
The Spreading Oak !!!
Two Tin Cradles
of small size

To protect from the severity
of the climate

A pair of other "Acorns,"
Which are too young and Wier-drawn
in their fibres
For this cold country,

All the gift of
A generous Posterity,
That their Descendants
may not only lie down
under the shade
of the future Oaks,

But that these Monarchs
of the Forest,
May supply Oaken Towels
To the Grand Children
of those great men

To rub down the
Romanists !

And prevent them
from getting too saucy.

Terrific Explosion

At the Gas Works

On the Manifesto

Getting into the Pipes,

And Busting Mr. Buist

Into a Thousand Fragments !!!

Professor Lye-All,
Brought to the Knowledge
of the Truth,

And taken to Book
By Bobby Book.

Joe Bell,
(A Tinkling Cymbal.)

With his tongue
at the wrong side of
his mouth :

And Cracked
As if he were made

of Tallow,
By a Blow of a Hatchet

From Troop, the
Hardware Merchant !!!

A fine Specimen of
Skill

In a Broken Cabinet,
Repaired by Morton,

For an elderly Gentleman,
Just returned
From Russia !

Where he had a narrow
Escape of his life,

By his Wig taking fire
At the Conflagration of Moscow !

A thrilling Picture
of T. Fenerty

Raking up the ashes of
his Father

At Midnight,

In St. Mary's Church Yard,
Whilst a Watchman

With a Dark Lantern
Is peering over the Fence !

Barrs, Barrs, Barrs,

Going, Going, Gone !

Like the poor old grievance
of

Mines and Minerals !

Mines and Minerals !

Mines and Minerals

A large Tape Worm
 Five Yards long
 With a *Spool of Cotton*
 in his mouth,
 and his Body filled
 with Blood as Black
 as the Ink of the
Witness,
 Extracted from Robson's
 Billious body,
 By Surgeon *Barnes,*
Barnes, Barnes,
 with the help of
 One of his own D's.

A Travelling Pulpit
 Made by *M'Ewen,*
 For the New Missionary,
 On the Shubenacadie Line,
 With a Whining Sounding Board, and (And the *Bell [Jos]* being taken off
 Mock Velvet Cushions
 and Seats,
 Manufactured by
C. D. Hunter !!!
 And well secured by
 some of Joseph Seeton's
 "Patent Weights"
 The Pulpit to be moved
 As "Rolling Stock"
 From Shanty to Shanty,
 on a new Wheel-barrow
 Invented by *P. Ross,*
 And used with great success
 For carrying home at night
 Such unfortunates
 As drop in the streets
 From the *falling sickness* !!
 The whole of the above
 Rolling Stock
 To be insured in
 The "Alliance,"
 By *G. C. Whidden* !

Oh ! Churchill, Churchill,
 Sleek, solemn, and sly

Degenerate son
 of the Pious Wesley !
 You did not blow
 Whitfield's Trumpet
 When you reared havoc,
 And let slip
 Such Dogs of War
 As *Gregor and Twining* ! !
 And the rest of the Pack,
 On your poor Neighbours ! !

Will the Ranter,
 Having now *shut up*
 the "Winders"
 of the Blind Bard of Avon,
 Must try his hand
 on Peter Gregor !
 Peter—Peter !
 Jock's shears are sharp,
 (And the *Bell [Jos]* being taken off
 your neck,)
 Won't leave a lock of wool
 On your sheeps' clothing !
 The wolf's skin—
 Ears and all,
 Will be then visible ! ! !
 O Peter,
 Those ears of yours
 Want three crows of a
Rooster !
 To touch your heart !
 You and Twining
 will convert the Romanists
 By making them feel
 That *your* Religion
 Teaches you to rob them
 of all their rights
 and privileges ! ! !
 What stupid Papist
 can resist
 such a
 Version of the Bible
 as that ! ! !
 Lay the Corner-stone
 of a new Temple

As large as Nauvoo,
To hold all your Converts
From Romanism !!!
And *Hunter, Lyall, England, King,*
Martin, and the other small fry,
will shout aloud
With *Captain Churchill*,
"Down with the Man of Sin!"

New Music!
John Anderson my Joe,
Sung as a Duet by
the Ex-Chairman of the
Railway Board,
And the son of
One of the Commissioners!
Also

The unco sad ditty
of *Annie (Jamie?) Laurie*!
as a Solo,

By *Joe himself*,
Assisted in the more
sorrowful parts by
T. R. Forman Seville,
ENGINEER !!!

Stop Press!
Melancholy Intelligence !!
Devout and Sudden

Resignation
Of the Chaplain of the
House of Assembly!
In consequence of
An alarming attack of Remorse and
Shivers,
Caught yesterday whilst
Reciting the usual Prayers
in the House.
At the moment when he came
To these words of
The Lord's Prayer,
"Forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive them who ———"
His voice faltered;
And he fell into a Heavenly
Swoon !!!
He was gently lifted
By Messrs. *Howe, Young,*
Wier, and Annand,
And carried into the open air,
When a draught being administered
by *Chambers?*
From his inner Waist-coat pocket,
He soon revived!
But declared on opening his eyes
That he could *never* pray
In that nasty House *again*,
The Romanists smell so strongly
of Brimstone !!